# PRIMITIVE FOLK LORE.

AMERICAN MYTHOLOGY,

### RELIGION AND ROMANCE

Tales of Creation and of Legendary Heroes.

COLLECTED FROM THE INDIANS IN CALIFORNIA. MEXICO, AND GUATEMALA.

BY JEREMIAH CURTIN.

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OLELBIS-IL.

Olelbis stood watching and looking; he looked five days, found no fire in any place. Next day he saw a little smoke in the southwest coming straight up as if through a small open-Olelbis had Winishuyat on his head tied in his hair, and Winishuyat said to him:

"My brother, look; there is a little fire way down south; a woman there has fire in a

This was Youot Pokte, the mother of Pohila [fire child], who had come back to live

"My brother," said Olelbis, turning to Tede Wiu. "go you and see that place and bring fire." Teds Wiu went quickly to the place where Olelbis had seen the smoke. In that place he found a house, and looking through a crack he could see the glow of fire, but not fire itself.

Tede Wiu stayed five days and nights watching. He could not get into the house where the basket was; it was closed up, and had no door. At last he went back to Oleipanti without

"I should like to catch the fish which I see jumping in that southern water," said Kun-tible, "but we could not cook the fish if we had it, for we have no fire." "You had better go yourself and try to get

fire," said Olelbis. Kuntihle went and watched five days. He could not get into the house, and no fire fell out. He went back to Olelpanti. "We need fire," said Olelbis, "but how are

we to get it? Go again and try," said he to Teda Win: "watch till fire falls out, or you can go in and get it."

Klabus and Yilahl were at work yet.

Tede Wiu went, went under the house, estabed five days and nights, stayed right under the basket in which Pohila was. On the sixth morning, very early, just at daybreak, a spark of fire fell out. Tede Wiu caught the spark, ran off quickly to Olelbis, and gave it to him.

They had fire in Olelpanti now, and were glad. Neither Yonot Pokte, the mother, nor Tilikus the father of Pohila, knew that fire had been carried away to Oleipanti. Klabus and Yilahl were still at work, but

Now that there was fire in Olelpanti, Kun-"I will go and see about that fish. Tillitchi, will you come with me?"
Tillitchi went. Before they started Olelbis

we them a fish net. They caught one fish and went back, dressed the fish, cooked and

"This is a good fish," said Oleibis, "How did it get into that water? That pond in the rock is small and round; there is no water to run into it. Grandmothers, what shall we do with this pond and the fish in it?"

'We will tell you," said the old women. "Go to the west under the sky, break off a strip of the sky, bring it here, and make a pointed

on Bohem Puyuk [Mount Shasta]; all the other mountains in the world were finished. Olelhis went west, got the sky pole, and pointed one end of it. He stuck the pole down at the foot of Bohem Puyuk, drew the point of it along southward, making a deep Then he stuck the pole far north and made a second furrow to join the eastern end of the first one. There was no water in either furrow yet, and Oleibis said: "Now, my grandmothers, what shall I do next?"

"Take this balat sek" [grapevine root]. "Throw it to the place where you thrust in the pole at the foot of Bohem

He threw the root. One end of it went into the mountain, the other hung out; from this

"This will be called Wini Mem" [middle water], said the grandmothers. "The counit will be good: many people will

The grandmothers gave a second root, hlop sek [tule root], and Olelbis threw this far up north, where one end stuck in the ground as flowed Pul Mem [Eastern Water, now called Pit River to this day].

Olelbis took his sky pole again and made

deep furrows down southward from Bohema Mem, large ones for large rivers and smaller ones for creeks. Water flowed and filled the furrows, flowed southward till it reached the place where Kuntihle found the first fish, and when the large river reached that little pond fish went out of it into the river, and from the

river into all creeks and rivers.

When the rivers were finished, and water was running in them. Olelbis saw an acorn tree in the east, outside the sky. He looked on the north side of the tree and saw some one hammering. He hurled a stone from his sling. struck down the person, and sent Tilitchi to bring him. Tilitchi brought him.

"Of what people is this one?" asked he of the "He is of a good people," answered they. "Put him on the central pillar of the sweat house; we will call him Tsurat" [now woodpecker). Tsurat was only stunned. When

pecker]. Tsurat was only stunned. When Tsurat was taken to the central pillar he climbed it, stop.ing every little while and hammering. The sound which he made, ya-tuck! ya-tuck! was heard outside the swatch tuse—a good sound; all liked to hear it.

Oleible saw on the same tree another of the same family. When he was brought the old women said. We will call him Min Taitat; put him on the ground cast of the fire"—the fire was in the middle. Min Taitat began to taik to himself. They could hear two words, "Wit, wit." [toming back, coming back.]

Oleible stunned a third person who was brought by Tilich! The old women said, "He, too, is of a good people, he will be called Hessiha; it has been been been by the stunned at third person who was brought by Tilich! The old women said, "He, too, is of a good people, he will be called Hessiha; "Who is a good people, he will be called Hessiha; "Sas," answered Min Taitai, and put a backet of red earth and water near them."

Min Taitai taked on to hi nself, "Wit, wit!"
"Sas," answered Min Taitai, "was going down, and now he is coming back; that is who wit, wit is."
"Who is coming back?" asked Hessiha.
"Sas is contoming back," asked Hessiha.
"Sas is not coming back, he is going on."
[In winter Sas goes down south, and in summer he comes back north. Min Taitai was saying Sas has gone down toward the west, and now is coming back, east without setting."
"Wit, wit" [coming back, coming back], aid Min Taitai. "Cherep, cherep." [going on, soid Min Taitai took mud, too, and threw it at Hessiha. Both were growing around the sweat house whater.

Clover, heautiful grasses, and plants of all kinds, were growing around the sweat house with mas Tsurat was taken to the central piliar he

sha. Both were soon covered with mad and water.

Clover, beautiful grasses, and plants of all kinds, were growing around the sweat house in Oleipanti. The whole place was a mass of blessoms. "Now, my grandmothers," said Oleibis, "tell me what you think. All that ground below us is bare; there is nothing on it. What can we do for it?"

"My grandson, in a place southeast of this is a house in which people live. The place is

\*PERISONAGES.

Blaus, now Mink: Chalifak, now Canada Goose; Chuinhi, now Mink: Chalifak, now Canada Goose; Chuinhi, now Mink: Like Canada Goose; Chuinhi, now Toute Chalifak, now Toute Gak Acorn. Hus, now Turkey Buzzard Kahsaku, now Cloud Dog-caond; Kar, now Gray Heron. Kat Katchila, now The Swift (a Haard): Kutsi, now Chickenhawk; Kau, now a kind of Crane. Kutsi, now Chickenhawk; Kau, now Roll, Kink, now Rattlesnake, Kuntihe, now Small Fizhhawk; Luchi, now Humming Dird; Nin Taltal, now Small Fizhhawk; Luchi, now Luch Engle; Olching, now sitting on high, the chief Witte divinity: For alla, now Fire Child, Sac, now Sun, bedit, now halls.

called Hilhli Puihint Ton Jacorn cast sweat house place). An old man lives there. Send Twent to bring that old man to us."

"I will," and Olebba, and he sent Tsurat, who brought Hilbli Kiemid, who had lived all his life in that castern sweat house. When Olebba looked at the old man he seid to Tsurat: "You to the world under us with Hilbli. Carry him all over it-north, south, cast, and west." Hilbli was like an old worm-caten accorn outside; inside he was like meal or soud, and when he moved this inside sifted out of him. He had a danghter, Hilbli Lomis Jacorn-bearing eak treel, and she had many sons.

Tsurat carried Hilbli Klemila all over the world, and when he had carried him five days little cast bushes were springing on very where from the dust which fell from him. They took seeds of clover growing around the sweat house in Olelpanti and scattered them; clover grew up in every place.

Olelbis threw down all kinds of flower seeds from the flowers blossoming in Olelpanti. A liftle way cast of Olelbis's sweat house lived Sedit. At the time of the fire he ran through under the sky in the south and went up to Olelpanti. He stayed there with Olelbis until the fire and water stopped. Then he went east a short distance, and made a house for himself. During the great water Sedit caught Wokwuk, and afterward built him a house near his own.

There was a hig rock east of Sedit's house Olelbis saw Chuluhi meadow lark sitting on this rock, and he said: "My brother, I have put clover down on the earth. I want you be go down there and stay with that clover, stay with it always. The place is a good one for you." This place was Toktiston [Rock ridge] on Pul Mem [McCloud River]. "Take this pontheuch! headsand made of dew!, wear it around your head among its leaves, and keep the greas and clover wet and green all the time. I will take that rock from near Sedit's house, and put it down on the earth for you." The rock stands now about fifteen miles above Delhu, It is called Pul Toleson-rock leaning east]. Wokwuk lost a small bet

said he.

While Olelbis was gathering into Olelpanti all the beople from every place outside this sky above us. Min Taltai and Hessiha were disputing and throwing red mud at each other.

Olelbis gathered people till he had gathered them all at his house. They were there in crowds and in thousands, singing and talking inside and outside, everywhere in Olelbanti.

One morning Olelbis said to the old women: "My grandmothers, I cannot tell what to do nor how to get what I want, but far west of here is a ridge that stretches from the south to the north, and on that ridge people of some kind come from the south and go north; they go that way every day; they go north along that ridge, and I do not know what kind of people they are. When they are on the top of the ridge they run north very fast. As soon as Klabus and Yilahl finished the level ground and the hills and mountains in the world below, these people began to travel along the ridge in this way, and they have been going ever since."

"You do not know those people," said the

ridge in this way, and they have been going ever since.

"You do not know those people," said the old women, "but we know them, the Katkatchila (swift) brothers know them; they are Kahsuku [cloud dogs], the cloud people. If you wish to know more about these cloud people, ask the elder Katkatchila: he knows them; he lives far west at this time; go and ask him, go yourself."

Oleibis set out next morning early, and just before he reached Katkatchila; house in the west he came upon some one who was stooping and looking toward the south. It was the elder Katkatchila, who was watching the cloud people.

"Stop, my brother." said Katkatchila, "and watch with me." The two looked along the ridge toward the south—it was before suncise then—and they saw a person come a little way

ridge toward the south—it was before suntise then—and they saw a person come a little way in sight, then turn and go back. He did not come nearer because he saw Olebis. The cloud people are very timid; they can see a long distance, and have a very keen scent. When he saw Olebis this one ran away home. "My brother," said Katkatchila to Olebis, "we have been watching here to drive back these cloud people. We have watched night and day, my little brother and I. My brother is near the eastern slope of this ridge which runs north and south; he stays there and watches."
"What do you mean by cloud membe?" asket

watches."

"What do you mean by cloud people?" asked Oleibis; "what kind of people are they? I have seen only the head and heck of one; what I saw looked well, seemed good, I wish you, my brothers, would catch one of these people, if you can."
"How is it that you do not know these people?" asked Katkatchila. "You ought to know them; you have seen every place, every person, everything; you ought to know these people. I will tell you how they came. My sister and I made the great world fire; we made wak pohas because the people who lived on the earth then stole my filnt. I was angry. I told my sister to put her baby outside the house. We put pitch pine around it, and fire blazed up from the baby. When the fire was burning all over the earth and there were great flames and smoke, a big water and a strong wind came; the

stole my flint. I was angry. I told my sister to put her baby outside the house. We put pitch pine around it, and fire blazed up from the baby. When the fire was burning all over the earth and there were great flames and smoke, a big water and a strong wind came: the water filled the whole world with steam, and the wind drove the steam and smoke from the great fire, and carried them far off to the south, where they became a people—the cloud people. These people are red or white or black, all of them, and they are going north always. They have good heads and long necks."

"I should like to stand near some of these people and look at them," said Olebis.

"I do not like to see them go north," said Katkatchila. "My brother and I are here trying to drive them back; but they go north in splite of us. My brother is on the other slope over there to frighten them back; but they turn to the east a little and go around him."

"Bring your brother here," said Olebis. Katkatchill brought his brother, and the two said:

"These cloud people are very wild; we cannot go near them. But we should like to drive them back or catch them."

"Go west, my brothers," said Olebis, "and get something to stop that gap on the cast where the cloud people pass you and go north. Stop that opening on the east and stop the western slope also, leaving only a narrow place for them to go through. Get yew wood, make a very high fence with it, and stop the eastern slope."

They brought the yew wood and made a very high fence on the eastern slope, and then one on the west, leaving only a narrow gap open. "Go to the east now," said Olebis, "and get katsau la fibrous plant! to make strings. Make a rope of it and set a snarc in the opening of the fence across the western slope, and the younger on the ridge near the eastern slope. The brothers made the snare and set it on the western slope. Both watched and walted for the clouds to come.

"Now, my brother," said Olebis, when he saw this work, "watch these people well, frighten them into the trap, and I wil

when he came, "we have caught one cloud. All the rest went through the fence. They broke it—we caught one; the others burst away."

Olelbis looked at the cloud and said: "This is a black one; They broke down the fence and ran away! They are a strong people." "Now, my brother," said the cider Katkatchila, "we will skin this cloud, and you may have the skin. We will give it to you."

"I shall be clad to have it, "said Olelbis."

They stripped the skin from the cloud, and, when giving it to Olelbis, the clder one said: "You must lan this carefully."

"Make another fence," said Olelbis," but make it stronger. You will catch more of these people."

"A great many clouds have broken through our fence to-day and gone north. Others went before we made the fence. We shall see these neople by and by," said Katkatchila. [He meant that clouds would stay in the north and become another people; be there always.] Olelbis took the skin, turned toward home, and travelled on. He was rubbing it in his hands, tanning it as he went. The brothers put the body in a hole and buried it, not caring for the flesh. They wanted only the skin. Olelbis went along tanning the skin of the black cloud, and he walked around everywhere as he tanned. He went way west, then north, then south, then east. At last he came home with the skin well tanned. He surread it and stretched it smooth. The two Katkatchila brothers had not been able yet to catch another of the cloud people, but they were working at it all the time. After Gleibis spread the skin on the ground he took it up and said to one of the old women:

"My grandmonter is always cold; let us give her this skin," and he gave it to her. Each of the two said. "My grandson, we are glad to have this skin, "and he gave it to her. Each of the two said. "My grandson, we are glad to have this skin, "and he gave it to her. Each of the two said. "My grandson, we are glad to have this skin, and he gave it to her. Each of the two said." "My grandson, we are glad to have this skin. We shall sleep warm now."

ers drive in more of the cloud people." And

ers arive in more of the cloud people." And he went.

"We cannot catch these people," said the older brother, "they go through our fence, they excape, we cannot catch them, they have gone to the north, they will stay there and become a new people. We have catched only one, a white cloud. Those that have escaped will become a new people, they will be Vola Kalenow clouds."

The Ketkatchitas stripped the skin from the white cloud and gave it to Olebia. He went around north, south, cast, and west, tanning it in the same way that he had tanned it well he spread the skin, stretched it, straightened it; then he gave it to the other grandmother. Both women were glad now. Both said: "We shall sleep warm at night now all the time."

Next day the two brothers caught a third cloud, a red one, but they kept the skin for themselves. They did not give it to Olelbia, because he told them to keep it. We see this skin now often enough, for the brothers hang it up when they like in the west and sometimes in the east.

"Now." said the two old women, "we have this white skin, and this black one. When we hang the white skin outside this house, white clouds will go from it—will go way down south, where its people began to live, and then they will come from the south and travel north to bring rain. V hen they come back we will lang out the black skin, and from the agreet many black rain clouds will go out, and from these clouds heavy rain will fail on all the world below."

And from these clouds heavy rain will fail on all the world below."

And from these clouds heavy rain will fail on all the world below."

And from they take the skins into the sweat house again. And from these two skins come all the rain to the people in Olelpanti were singing and talking. Any one could hear them from a distance. Olelpan had brought in a great many different kinds of people, others had come show the people in Olelpanti were singing and talking. Any one could hear them from a distance. Olelpanti were singing and talking. Any one could hear them from

a little pert of each of them to turn into some thing in the world below and be of use to people there."

Olelbis called all who were in the sweat house to come cut, and he began to send them to their places. To Kar Klemila he said:

"Go and live on Whi Mem. Be a gray heron there; that is a good country for you. Before white people came there were many of these birds on that river.] To Tokat he said:
"Go to Kawlken on Pul Mem. Be a sunfish, and live there always. You, Sula, go to the south of Bohem Puyuk or Wini Mem. Be a trout, and live at Sulamharis itrout's road.]."
To Torthas he said: "You will be a goose. You both will have two places to live in, one in the south and one in the north. You will go north in the spring and live all summer in your northern home; you will go south in the fall and live all winter in your southern home. Do this always; travel that wav every year."

To Kirin he said: "Go and live along the water. You will be a loon, and you will go up and down great rivers all our life." To Katsi he said: "You will be a fish hawk, catch fish and eat them, live along rivers."

Olelbis plucked one small feather from the neck of Molhas. This he threw down and said: "He an eagle, and live on high mountains." All baild eagles on earth came from that feather, but the great Molhas remained above with Oleibls, where he is now.

From Lutchi Oleibls, plucked a feather, threw it down, and said: "You will be a low on the eagle rivers is comes and the trees and flowers bloom. You will go and eat the sand now he brought the great Kau stayed in Oleipanii with Oleibis. From the eider Hus brother Oleibis plucked a feather from one to another everywhere." Lutchi himself stayed in Oleipanii. He pulled a feather from one to another everywhere." Lutchi oleibis, plucked a feather from the right side, sent the feather down on this earth, and said: "You will go and eat the snake or other dead thing. The Wintur the coming people.

Tilichi had been sent for three persons, and now he brought the great for her persons, and n

"Come here, Wima Loimis," said Oleibis. "I have something to put on your teeth so that they may harz no one."

"I want nothing on my teeth," said Wima Loimis. "If I had something on them I couldn't eat." He asked again, but she shook her head, is saying." I want nothing on my teeth, I could not eat a sayihing weep put on them.

"Why not come when I call you?" asked Oleibis.

"My sister Wima will not go. She says she could not eat if her teeth were touched. I want nothing on my teeth. I am afraid that I could not eat if her teeth were touched. I want nothing on my teeth. I am afraid that I could not eat."

"Very well," answered Oleibis, "you, Wima, and you, Klak, want to be different from others. Come. Dokes, I will touch your teeth."

"My sisters. Klak and Wima, want nothing on their teeth. I want nothing on mine. I am angry at my sisters: I will be wicked as well as they." Then turning to his sisters he said: "After? a white people will employ me against you whenever they are anary at you. Whenever you fight against you, and I will go with them. I will go into your bedies and kill you. Then you will be sorry for what you have done to day. Oleibis asked you to be sood. He wants you to be good, but you are not willing. I will be bad to punish you.

When the two women heard these words they creed, and Wima said: "Well, my brother, we can put something on our teeth yet."

Dokos put his head between his hands and sat that way a while. Then he straightoned himself and said: "You two have talked crough; you would better stop. You are not like me: I am stronger than both of you, and it will kny things, I shall hate you, hate every one; kill you, things, I shall hate you, hate every one; kill you, will be been you will be been you will be the you one you are."

"I'd will go first," said Dokos.

"Go." said Oleibis, "you go as you are."

"I'd will go first," said Dokos will go into your your living.

"Well," said Oleibis, "to Kolham Nomdaltepi her will go to well be sorry will be the every one; kill you will be be sorry called Topi chilchilhi (bead birds).

All neople that were good on this earth only, of use only here, (delbis sent here to be beasts and birds. The powerful and great recople that were good in Olejanti and useful there he kept with himself, and sent only a reather or a rart to become something useful down here. The good people themselves, the great ones, stayed above, where they are with Oleibis yet.

To be Continued.

## RODNEY STONE.

By A. CONAN DOYLE.

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CHAPTER L FRIAR'S OAK.

On this, the 1st of January, of the year 1850, the nineteenth century has reached its midway term, and many of us who shared its youth bave already warnings which tell us that it has outworn us. We put our grizzled heads together, we older ones, and we talk of the great days that we have known, but we find that when it is with our children that we talk it is a hard matter to make them under-We and our fathers before us lived much the same life, but they with their rail-way trains and their steamboats belong to a different age. It is true that we can put his-tory books into their hands, and they can read from them of our weary struggle of two and twenty years with that great and evil man. They can learn how freedom fled from the whole broad Continent, and how Nelson's broken in striving that she should not pass us forever to take refuge with our brothers across the Atlantic. All this they can read, with the date of this treaty or that battle, but I do not know where they are to read of ourselves, of the folk we were, and the lives we led, and how the world seemed to our eyes when they were young as theirs are now.

If I take up my pen to tell you about this you must not look for any story at my hands, for I was only in my earliest manhood when these things befell, and although I saw something of the stories of other lives I could scarce claim one of my own. It is the love of a woman that makes the story of a man, and many a year was to pass before I first looked into the eyes of the mother of my children. To us it seems but an affair of yesterday, and yet those children can now reach the plums in the garden while we are seeking for a ladder, and where we once walked with their upon their arms. But I shall speak of a time when the love of a mother was the only love I knew, and if you seek for something more then it is not for you that I write. But if you would come out with me into that forgotten world, if you would know Boy Jim and Champion Harrison; if you would meet my father, one of Nelson's own men; if you would catch of George, afterward the unworthy King of England; if, above all, you would see my famous uncle, Sir Charles Tregellis, the king of the bucks, and the great fighting men whose names are still bousehold words among you, then give me your hand and let us start.

But I must warn you also that if you think that you will find much that is of interest in your guide, you are destined to disappoint-ment. When I look over my book shelves I can see that it is only the wise and witty and valiant who have ventured to write down their

that we were closer together, she and I, when we were all n.;

I was in my eleventh year when we moved from Portsmouth to Friar's Oak, a little Sussex viliage to the north of Brighton, which was recommended to us by my uncle, Sir Charles Trenellis, one of whose grand friends, Lord Avon, had his seat near there. The reason of our moving was that living was cheaper in the country, and that it was easier for my mother to keep up the appearance of a gentlewoman when away from the circle of those to whom she could not refuse hospitality. They were trying times those, to all save the farmers, who made such profits that they could, as I have heard, afford to let half of their land lie fallow while living like centlemen upon the rest. Whent was at 110 shillings a quarter, and the quartern loaf at one and ninepelice. Even in the quier of the cottage at Friar's Oak we could scarce have lived were it not that in the block-ading, squadron in which my father was stationed there was the cornaiousle chare of a little prize money. The line-of-battle ships themselves, tarking on and off outside lirest, could carn nothing save honer, but the frigates in at tendance made prizes of many constern, and these, as is the rule of the service, were counted as belonging to the fleet, and their produce dithat we were closer together, she and I, when

male me box and wrestle, tickle trout on the Adur, and smare rabbits on litchling Down, for his hands were as active as his brain was slow. He was two years my elder, however, so that long before I had finished my schooling he had gone to help his uncle at the smithy. Friar's Oak is in a din of the Downs, and the forty-third milestone between London and Brighton lies on the skirt of the village. It is but a small place, with an lyiel church, a fine vicarage, and a row of red brick cottages each in its own little garden. At one end was the forge of Champion Harrison, with his house behind it, and at the other was Mr. Allen's school. The yellow sottage, standing back a sittle from the road, with its upper story bulging forward and a crisscross of black weedwork let into the placer, is the one in which we lived. I do not know if it is still standing, but I should think it likely, for it was not a place much given to change.

Just opposite to us, at the other side of the broad white road, was the Friar's Oak inn, which was kent in my day by John Cummings, a man of excellent repute at home, but liable to strange outbreaks when he traveled, as will afterward become apparent. Though there was a stream of traffic upon the road, the conches from Brighton were too fresh to stop, and those from London too cager to reach their journey's end, so that if it had not been for an occasional broken trace or loosened wheel the landlord would have had only the thirsty throats of the village to trust to. Those were the days when the Prince of Wales had just built his singular place by the sea, and so from May to September, which was the Brighton season, there was never a day that from 100 to 200 curricles, chaises, and placetons did not rattle past our doors. Many a summer evening have Hoy Jim and I lain upon the grass, watching all these grand felk, and cheering the London coaches as they came roaring through the dust clouds, leaders and wheelors stretched to their work, the hugles screaming and the coachmen with their low-crowned

er's whip hissed round, and we heard the snap of it across Harrison's leather abron,
"Hullo, master!" shouted the smith, looking after him. "You're not to be trusted on the box untillyon can handle your whip better.
"What's that?" cried the driver, pulling up his team.

"Hullo, master!" shouted the smill, loosing after him. "You're not to be trusted on the box untilyou can handle your whip better."

What's that' cried the driver, pulling up his feam.

"I bid you have a care, or there will be come one-yed recepte along the road you drive." "Oh, you say that, do you'r said the driver, putting his whip into its socket and pulling off his driving gloves. "I'll have a little talk with you, my fine feillow."

The sporting centlemen of those days were cery line boxers for the most part, for it was the mede to take a course of Mendora, just as a few years afterward there was no man about town who had not had the mufflers on with Jackson. Knowing their own prowess, they never refused the charge of a wax-side adventure, and it was saiden indeed that the barges or the navigain-afied much to boast of after a young blood had taken off his coat to him. This one swung himself off the lox seat with the alacrity of a man who has no doubts about the upshot of the quarrel, and after hanging his caped coat upon the swinglebar he daintily turned up the ruffled cuffs of his white shirt.

"I'll pay for your advice, my man," he said. I am sure that the men upon the coach knew who the burly smith was, and looked upon it as a prime joke to see their companion walk into such a trap. They reared with delight and bellowed out scrays of advice to him.

"Knock some of the soot off him, Lord Frederick" they shouted. "Give the Johnw How his breakfast. Chuck him in among his own cinders, Sharp's the word, or you'll see the breakfast. Chuck him in among his own cinders, Sharp's the word, or you'll see the hard had his law dropped together. "Give the Johnw How his breakfast, and as he did so his hands and his law dropped together." Sharp's the word, or you'll see the his office of his danger. I saw him look hard at his antagonist, and as he did so his hands and his law dropped together. "Have a care, master," said he, "You'll get penper if you don't."

"My name, master."

"And I thought you were some Sussex chaw

"We'll let you off this time. Harrison," said ie. . "Are those your sons down there?"

"We'll let you off this time. Harrison," said he. "Are those your sons down there?"
"This is my nephew, master."
"Here's a guinea for him. He shall never say I robbed him of his uncie." And so, having turned the laugh in his favor by his merry way of taking it, he cracked his whin, and away they flew to make London under the five hours, while Jack Harrison, with his half-forged shoe in his hand, went whistling back to his forge.

#### THE WALKER OF CLIFFE BOYAL. much for Champion Harrison, Now

THE WALKER OF CLIFFE ROYAL.

So much for Champion Harrison. Now I wish to say something more about Boy Jim, not only because he was the comrade of my youth, but because you will find as you go on that this book is his story rather than mine, and this fame were in the mouths of all England. You will bear with me, therefore, while I tell you of his character as it was in those days, and especially of one very singular adventure which neither of us is likely to forget.

It was strange to see Jim with his uncle and his aunt, for he seemed to be of another race and breed to them. Often I have watched them come un the aisle upon a Sunday, first the square, thick-set man, and then the little, worn, anxious-eyed woman, and last this glorious lad, with his clear-cut face, his black curis, and his step so springy and light that it seemed as if he were bound to earth by some lesser the than the heavy footel villagers round him. He had not yet attained his full six feet of stature, but no judge of a man and every woman, at least, is once could look at his perfect shoulders, his narrow loins, and his uroud head, that sat upon his neck like a flower upon its stak, without feeling that sober joy, which all that is beautiful in nature gives to us a vague self-content, as though in some way we also lad a hand in the making of it.

But we are used to associate beauty with softness in a man. I do not know why they should be so coupled, and they never were with Jim. Of all men that I have known he was the most from hard, in body and mind. Who, on all the country side, save only Boy Jim, would have swing himself over Wolstonbury cliff and clambered down 100 feet, with the mother hawk flapping at his ears, in the vain struggle to hold him from her next. He was hut 16, with his gristle not yet all set into bone, when he fought and beat Gypsy Lee of Hurgess Hill, who called himself the cock of the South Downs. It was after this that Champion Harrison took his training as a boxer in hand. "Td rather you left milling alone, Boy Jim," sa

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### REPTILES OF THE DESERT.

THEY THRIPE ON THE BURNING SAND UNDER THE COPPER SET

Morned Rattlers and Tiger Rattlers—An Edible L'and Horned Tonds that Have Reen Seen to Spit Blood from Their Eyes. From the San Pernance Chromiole

From the standpoint of a zeologist there is robubly no class of animals so characteristic of the decert as the reptiles. True, there are numbers of birds and mammals found all over the arid wastes of sand, but these either migrate or spend most of their time underground, as is the case with most of the smaller mamwhere, perhaps, a few drops of water will core out from between the recks, or even venture sere and there manage foole out an existence, The smaller mammals are almost all noctur-nal in their habits and only venture out after nightfall when the earth begins to cool a little, and, with the exception of, perhaps, a few coy otes or the little desert fox, one may travel for hundreds of rules through the deserts without eeing a single animal except the reptiles and everywhere. At nearly every step one seems to awaken a fresh lizard from his rest under a bush or beside a stone, and away he goes, sour

drugging in the sand, but more frequently ele-vated high in the air. In fact, this uplifted

tail often looks like a little gray twig moving rapidly along the ground, but always retaining

its upright position. And these lizards can run, too. In a twinkling they are gone, and

then it is only the practised eye that can see

them, for when they lie at rest their dull gray, color makes it almost impossible to see them. But these are not all; often from the side of horned rattlesnake or sidewinder will move singgishly away, but ever keeping up an incessant rattle. Again, big, sluggish lizards are found, nearly always a dull gray above, but beneath or around the head iridescent in the most gorgeous colors. And, teo, the big tiger rattler of the desert canons, though a triffe more sluggish than the sidewinder, seems ever ready to call his attention to his bright colors by sounding the terrible rattle which strike fear to the heart of any animal, no matter how large or how small. The tiger rattler is found in the desert regions of America, and is com-

fear to the heart of any animal, no matter how large or how small. The their rattler is found in the desert regions of America, and is comparatively rare, being found only in the cañons of the barren ranges which traverse the desert in all directions.

I remember seeing nineteen in a single cañon of the Argus range of mountains in laye county. One I found on a ledge of reck directly behind the fire which we had built for cooking supper. The tiger rattler, however, though very dangerous, and sometimes growing to four feet in length, cannot compare in viciousness with the little sidewinder or horned rattlesnake. The sidewinder prefers the open desert in which to live, and may often be found lying quietly beside some desert bush, waiting for its prey. It gets the name sidewinder from the fact that, in moving along the ground, instead of pursuing a straight course it has besides the forward movement a sidewise, erabides the forward movement a sidewise, erabides the forward movement a sidewise, erabides motion. It is much less sluggish than the other rattlers, perhaps on account of its small size, as it seldon exceeds a foot and a half in length, it is lighter colored than the other rattlers, and directly over the eyes are protuberances, which give it the name horned rattler. It seems to be the most decided of all snakes by the desert traveller, probably on account of its being so hard to see owing to its small size and quick movements. In fact, it is about the only reptile which the desert prospector really dreads.

One of the most plentiful of the lizards which live on the desert jettle live spotted lizard. It is about eith liches long and of a light ashen color on the back, but down each side runs a row of black spots, extending out on the tail. It receives its rune from the two sulphur-blue patches, one on each side of the abdomen, and the little blue spot on the chin. One variety is blue nearly all over, giving out beautiful ridescent metallic colors. The peculiarity of this species is that when frightened it s